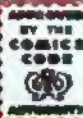


MARVEL
TEAM-UP™

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



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MARVEL TEAM-UP™ FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN

AND

CAPTAIN BRITAIN



TRAPPED IN

MURDER WORLD



WHERE
ABSOLUTELY
EVERYTHING
CAN GO
WRONG--

--BECAUSE
IT'S PLANNED
THAT WAY!



Stan Lee presents **SPIDEY** and **CAPTAIN BRITAIN--TOGETHER**

CHRIS CLAREMONT / AUTHOR JOHN BYRNE / ARTIST DAVE HUNT / INKER/COLORIST TOM ORZECOWSKI / LETTERER ARCHIE GOODWIN / EDITOR

DARKNESS--AL EMBRACING,
SOOTHING--SO PEACEFUL
HE KNOWS IT WON'T LAST.

IT DOESN'T.

LIGHT, FLASHING STROBE-
LIKE IN HIS HEAD, DREDGING
SPOT-MEMORIES OUT OF THE
MUSH THAT IS HIS BRAIN.

HE'D BEEN CROSSING THE
STREET WITH CAPTAIN
BRITAIN, ON THE RUN
FROM THE POLICE...

... AND THEN THE TWO OF
THEM HAD BEEN EATEN BY...
A GARBAGE TRUCK?

OOOMMM...

ANYONE GET
THE NUMBER
OF THAT--
HUH?!!?

HUH?!!?

I'M IN SOME KIND
OF GLOBE--BUT WHAT
THE HECK KIND OF
PLACE IS THIS?

I HAVEN'T
THE FOGGIEST,
SPIDEY.

CAPPY!
YOU
OKAY?

I'M... ALIVE.
AT LEAST, I
HOPE SO.
BECAUSE IF
BOTH OF US
ARE DEAD,
THEN HEAVEN
MUST BE A
VERY STRANGE
PLACE, INDEED.

ASSUMING
THIS IS
HEAVEN!

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AREN'T YOU THE COCK-EYED OPTIMIST?

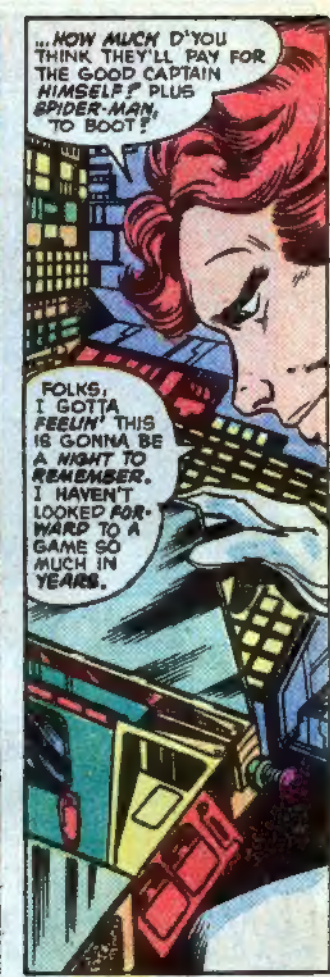
ME, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



IT'S ABOUT MURDER, FRIEND. IN FACT, TWO MURDERS. YOURS... AN' CAP'N BRITAIN'S.

AIN'T LIFE A PEACH? THE MAGGIA'S PAYIN' ME A MILLION BUCKS TO KILL A LIMEY JOE COLLEGE NAMED BRIAN BRADDOCK-- 'CAUSE THEIR COMPUTERS INDICATE HE'S ONE OF FIFTY PEOPLE WHO MAY BE CAP'N BRITAIN.

WELL, MISS LOCKE, MR. CHAMBERS-- IF A ONE-IN-FIFTY POSSIBILITY IS WORTH A MILLION--



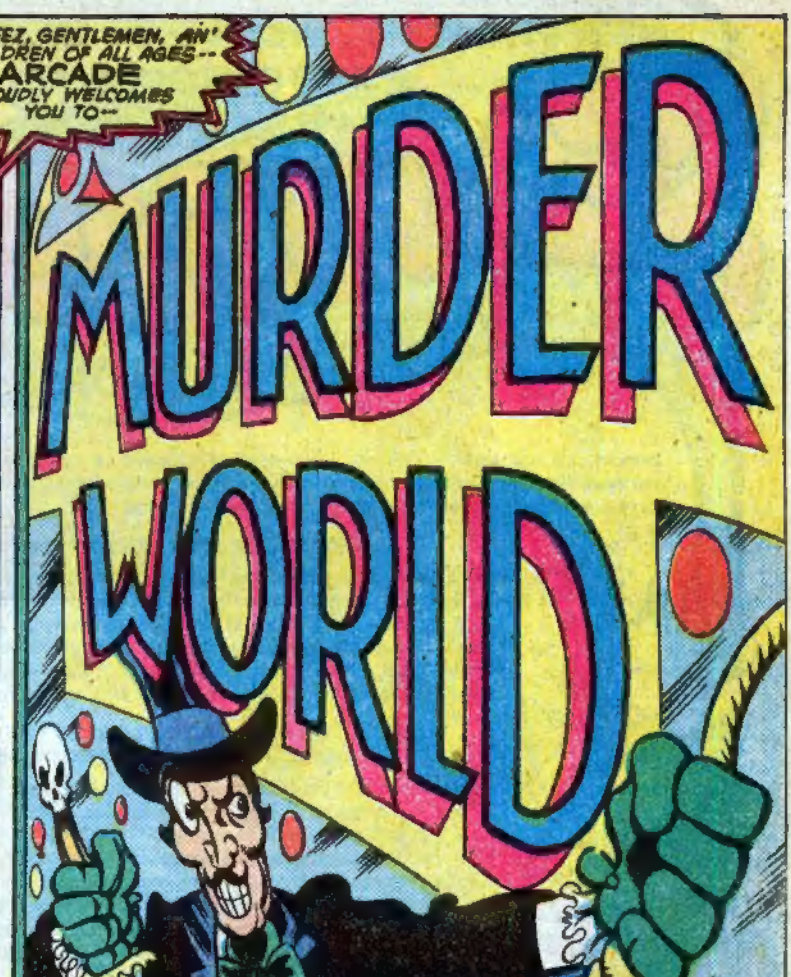
...HOW MUCH D'YOU THINK THEY'LL PAY FOR THE GOOD CAPTAIN HIMSELF? PLUS SPIDER-MAN, TO BOOT?

FOLKS, I GOTTA FEELIN' THIS IS GONNA BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. I HAVEN'T LOOKED FORWARD TO A GAME SO MUCH IN YEARS.



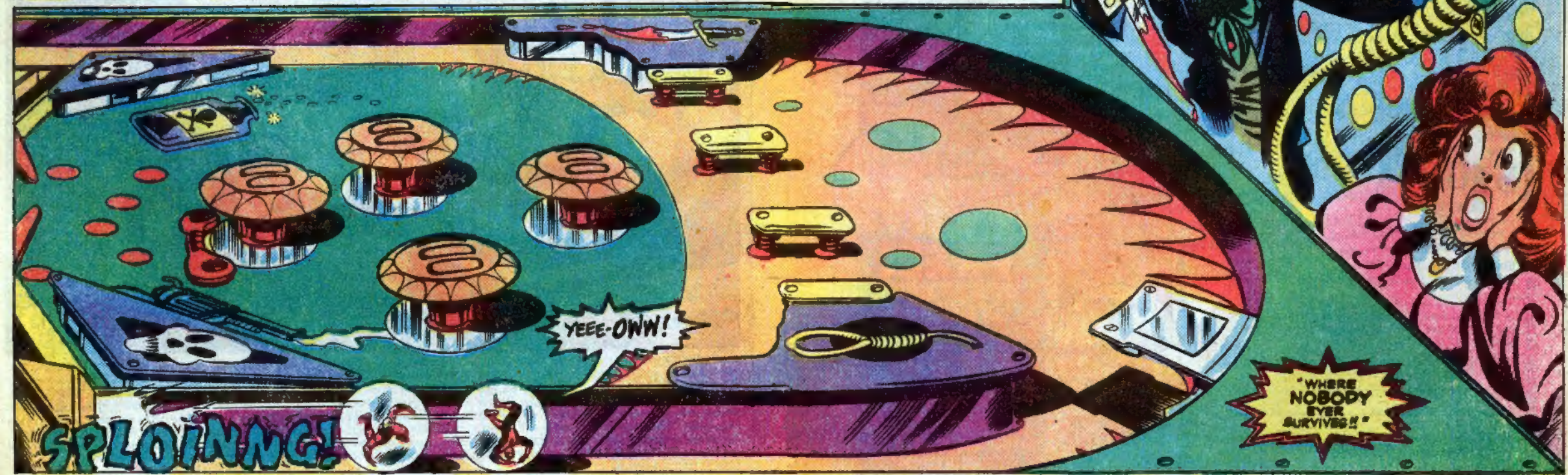
EVERYTHIN'S READY! ALL SYSTEMS READ NORMAL! WHATEVER I DO ON MY REGULAR SIZE MACHINE HERE WILL BE DUPLICATED ON THE "BIG BOARD" DOWN BELOW...SO...

...LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.



LADDEZ, GENTLEMEN, AN' CHILDREN OF ALL AGES-- ARCADE PROUDLY WELCOMES YOU TO--

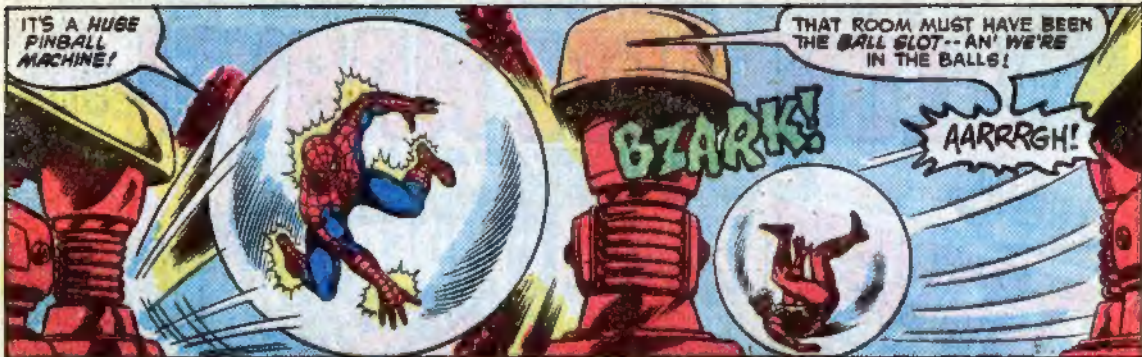
MURDER WORLD!



YEEE-OHW!

SPLOINNG!

"WHERE NOBODY EVER SURVIVES!"

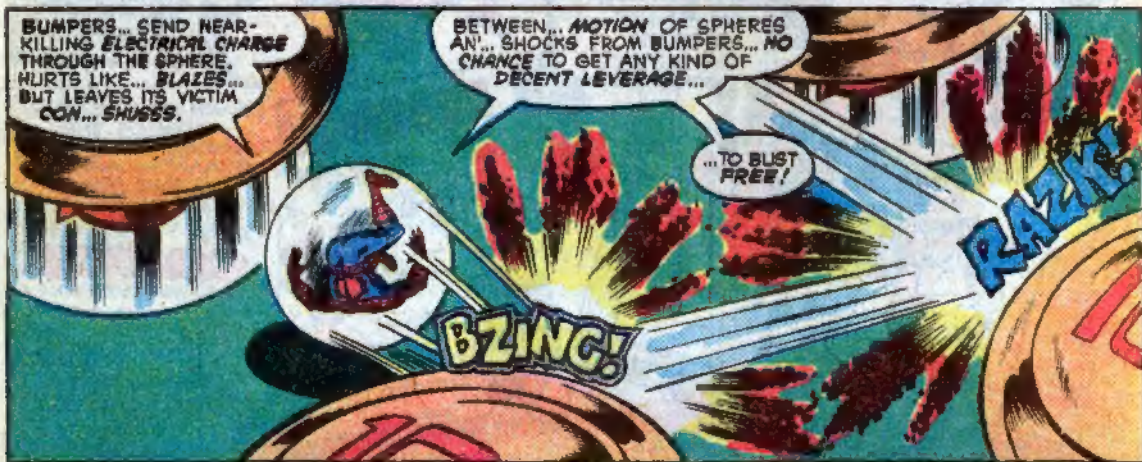


IT'S A HUGE
PINBALL
MACHINE!

THAT ROOM MUST HAVE BEEN
THE BALL SLOT--AN' WE'RE
IN THE BALLS!

BZARK!

AARRRGH!



BUMPERS... SEND NEAR-
KILLING ELECTRICAL CHARGE
THROUGH THE SPHERE.
HURTS LIKE... BLAZES...
BUT LEAVES ITS VICTIM
CON... SHUSS.

BETWEEN... MOTION OF SPHERES
AN' SHOCKS FROM BUMPERS... NO
CHANCE TO GET ANY KIND OF
DECENT LEVERAGE...

...TO BUST
FREE!

BZING!

RAZZ!



DON'T GET IT. WHOEVER
OUR CAPTOR IS, HE HAD
CAPPY AN' ME COLD IN
THAT GARBAGE TRUCK.

WHY DIDN'T HE
JUST ZAP US
THEN? WHY
GO TO ALL THIS
TROUBLE?



FEEL AWFUL-- WORSE THAN
BEING SEASICK.

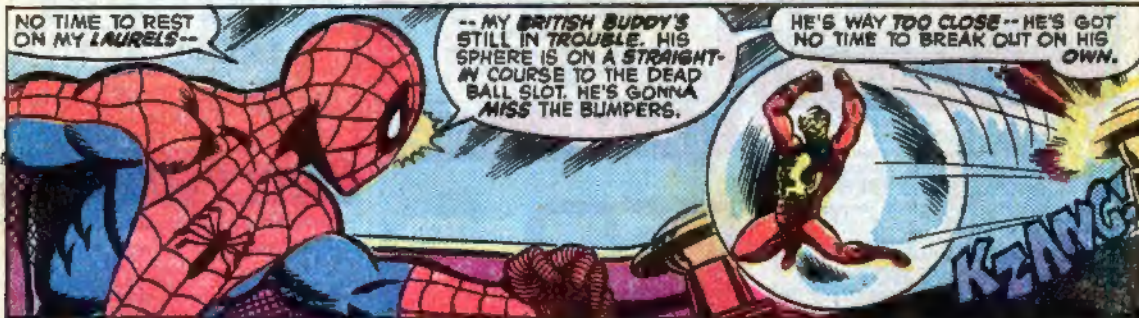
HOLD
IT!

DEAD BALL SLOT

THAT BAR
DELIBERATELY
PUSHED ME
AWAY FROM THE
DEAD BALL
SLOT! IT GAVE
ME ANOTHER
CHANCE--



--AN' I'M NOT
GONNA BLOW IT!



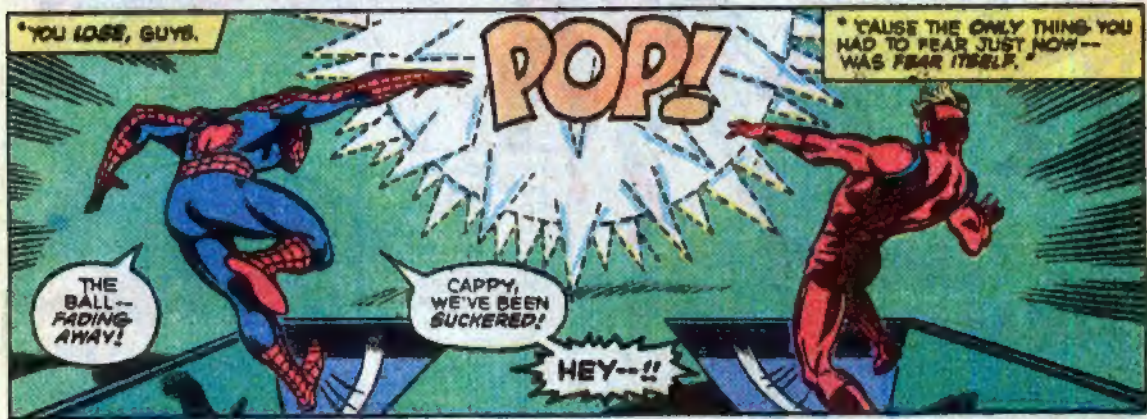




SHAME ON YOU, GENTLEMEN. YOU'RE REACTING NO BETTER THAN THE OTHER "GUESTS" WHO'VE ENTERED MY WORLD OF LIFE AND DEATH.

MY DOOMBALL HAS FROZEN YOU IN YOUR TRACKS, RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU-- ALBEIT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT.

BUT THEN, AN INSTANT IS ALL I NEED.



*YOU LOSE, GUYS.

POP!

* 'CAUSE THE ONLY THING YOU HAD TO FEAR JUST NOW-- WAS FEAR ITSELF.

THE BALL-- FADING AWAY!

CAPPY, WE'VE BEEN SUCKERED!

HEY--!!



DUMB.

DUMB.

DUMB.

DUMB.

OUCH!

SO HELP ME, IF I RUN INTO A LITTLE GIRL AND A WHITE RABBIT WITH A POCKET WATCH, I'LL ...

DRAW, PAHDNUH.

Uh-oh.

BUMP!



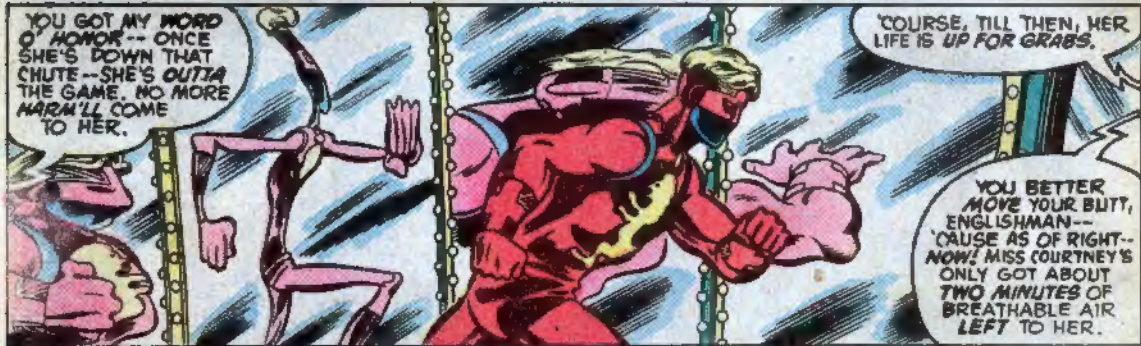
HAVE TO HAND IT TO THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS OPERATION.

HE SNARED US BEAUTIFULLY.

I ALSO HAVE TO KEEP REMINDING MYSELF HOW DANGEROUS THIS "MURDERWORLD" IS. BUT IT'S ALL SO ABSURD...

... IT'S ALMOST FUN.

NOW. WHATT





IT'S SOME KIND OF MAINTENANCE
SHAFT, BUT ALL THIS ELECTRONIC
HARDWARE-- IT'S LIKE NOTHING
I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. I'VE A
FEELING EVEN REED RICHARDS
WOULD HAVE A HARD TIME
FIGURING ALL THIS OUT

WHOEVER BUILT THIS
PLACE QUALIFIES IN MY BOOK
AS A 100% GRADE 'A' DIED-
IN THE WOOL GENIUS.

WISH I
COULD SAY
THE SAME
FOR ME.

HECK, MY TRAINING IS IN
BIOLOGY, NOT ELECTRONICS.
IT'S A TRIUMPH FOR ME TO
REPLACE MY FUSES WITH
OUT GETTING ELECTROCUTED.

I WOULDN'T
KNOW WHERE
TO BEGIN TO
SABOTAGE THE
MURDERWORLD.

I SHOULDN'T
SOUND SO
DEPRESSED.
WHO KNOWS,
MAYBE CAP'S
DOING
BETTER.

ON THAT NOTE, LET'S SHIFT SCENES AGAIN, AND FIND OUT..

IT'S A GIANT TREASURE-SCOOP
GAME, WITH COURTNEY AS ONE
OF THE PRIZES!

I'VE PLAYED THE
NORMAL-SIZED GAME
SCORES OF TIMES AT
FUN FAIRS BACK HOME--
AND MY LUCK HAS
ALWAYS BEEN LOUSY.

I SUPPOSE
THESE HANDLES
MUST CONTROL
THE SCOOP...

I'D BETTER GET
CRACKING. COURTNEY
HAS BARELY A
MINUTE OF AIR LEFT--

HEY!!

SLAM!

DON'T BE
ALARMED,
HERO.

THIS IS JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING TO MAKE THE
GAME A LITTLE MORE,
SHALL WE SAY...

INTERESTING?

LOO-OO-SH

TELL ME, BIG FELLA,
HOW LONG CAN YOU
TREAD WATER?

THIS IS MARVELOUS!
I HAVEN'T ENJOYED
MYSELF THIS MUCH
IN YEARS. FINALLY,
I'M UP AGAINST
FOES WORTHY
OF MY GENIUS!

ARCADE, THE SENSORS
AREN'T PICKING UP
SPIDER-MAN ANYMORE.

A

AYE, AH',
ALL OF A
SUDDEN,
WE HAVE
MALFUNCTION
READ-OUTS
FROM THE
CENTRAL
POWER
CORE.

QUIET! BOTH O'
YOU! DON'T EVER
DISTURB ME IN THE
MIDDLE OF A GAME!

IF THERE'S A PROBLEM,
DEAL WITH IT. I'M BUSY!

GO'S SPIDEY, AT THE MOMENT,
AND HAVING THE TIME OF HIS
LIFE, TOO.

AS THE
THING
TOLD ME,
ONCE
UPON A
TIME --

--WHEN IN
DOUBT, SMASH
EVERYTHING,
AND PRAY YOU'RE
SOMEWHERE
ELSE WHEN
IT ALL GOES
BLOODY.

HOPE THIS
IS DOING
SOME GOOD.

WHAT'S GOING ON?!
BAD ENOUGH MY
SEALED CHAMBER
IS FILLING WITH
WATER, BUT NOW
THE GRAB'S
ACTING UP.

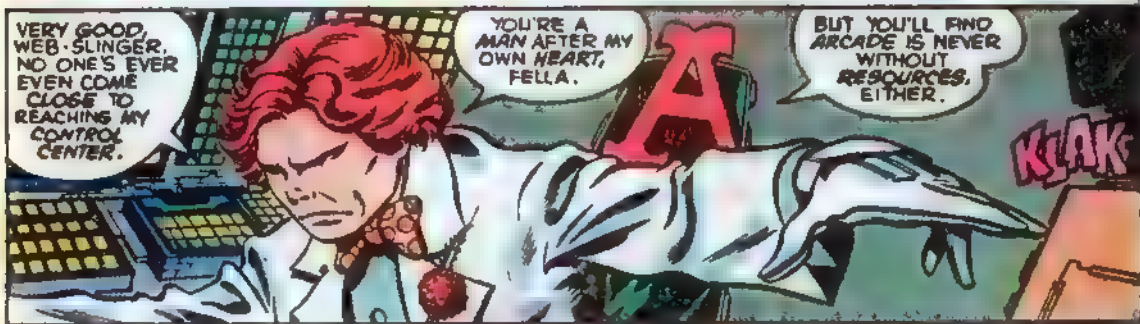
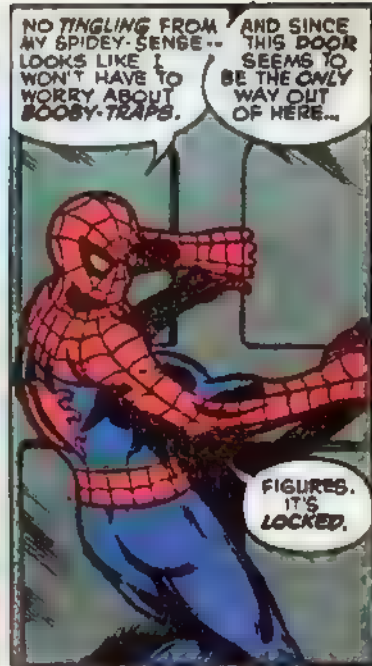
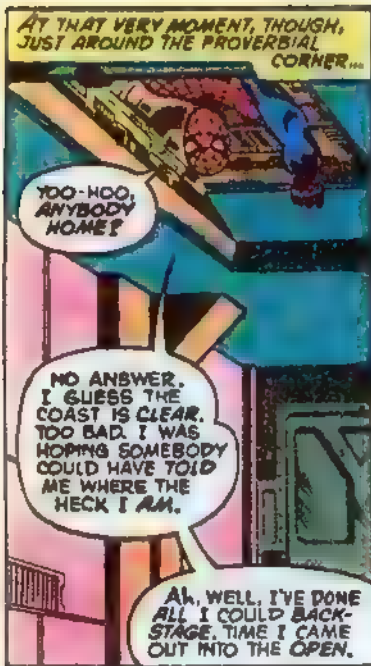
KTANG!

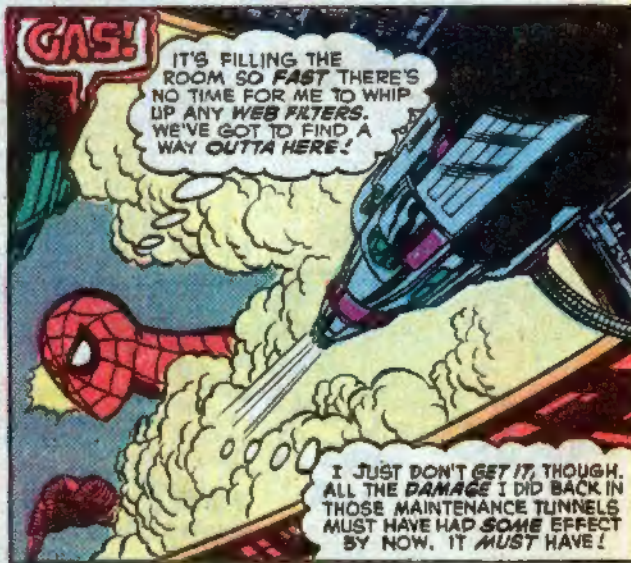
INSTRUMENTS
INDICATE A
DISRUPTION IN
THE POWER FLOW,
SCRAMBLING THE
CONTROL CIRCUITS,
MAKING THE GRAB
WORK IN FITS
AND STARTS.

TIME'S RUNNING
OUT-- FOR ME
AND COURTNEY
BOTH.

I'LL ONLY
HAVE ONE
DECENT CHANCE
AT HER, AND
IF I MISS...

...NEITHER
OF US WILL
LIVE LONG
ENOUGH
FOR A
SECOND TRY.





"WITH MY LUCK, THOUGH, I PROBABLY JUST SHORTED OUT THEIR MR. COFFEE."



ARCADE, THE SYSTEMS--!

STUFF THE SYSTEMS, CHAMBERS, AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

THE GAME'S AFOOT, MAN, AND ARCADE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT SPIDER-MAN COMES UP WITH NEXT.

IN TRUTH, THE ANSWER COMES SOMEWHAT SOONER THAN ARCADE HAD EXPECTED...



SYSTEMS OVERLOAD! I WARNED YOU, ARCADE!

YI!!IIII--!!

THAT WALL-CRAWLING FREAK HAS BEEN PLAYING HOB W/ THE CENTRAL CORE--

--AN' NOW THE WHOLE COMPLEX IS BLOWIN' UP IN OUR FACES!

EXPLOSIONS, LOTS OF 'EM, AN' GETTING WORSE WITH EVERY MOMENT, COMING CLOSER, TOO.

TIME, I THINK, THE THREE OF US WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE.



MY SPIDEY-SENSE DOESN'T TINGLE WHEN I FACE THIS WALL-- WHATEVER'S BEHIND IT ISN'T DANGEROUS.

BUT-- HOO-BOY! DOES IT STINK!



PHEW! WHAT AN INCREDIBLE SMELL I'VE DISCOVERED. IT STINKS EVEN WORSE THAN THE GAS.

SPIDEY, THE EXPLOSIONS...

I HEAR 'EM.

AN' I HAVE A FEELING I'M GONNA REGRET WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY--

--LAST ONE IN IS A ROTTEN EGG!



IT'S ALMOST DAWN, AND THE STREETS OF MID-TOWN MANHATTAN ARE EMPTY...

...THE GREAT, MAN-MADE CANYONS EERILY QUIET, SAVE FOR THE OCCASIONAL GROWL OF A PASSING CAR.

IT'S A TIME WHEN ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

AND, FREQUENTLY, DOES.

K
B
A
N
G!

OK, BROTHER! TALK ABOUT OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

JOEY, IT'S SPIDER-MAN! POPPIN' OUTTA THE SEWER LIKE A JACK-INNA-BOX!

SHEE-OOT! WILL YA GETTA LOADA THE STENCHY!

DON'T REMIND ME, FELLA. IF I NEVER BREATHE AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON.

YOU MAKE A MOVE, BUSTER, AN' YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH.

ASSUME THE POSITION, SPIDEY.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN, WHAT--?!

I'M NOT SURE, COURTNEY.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, YOU THREE. WE GOT AN ALL-POINTS BULLETIN...

...TO BRING CAPTAIN BRITAIN IN, WILLIS. NOT TO PLAY GANG BUSTERS.

CAP'N DEWOLF!

THAT'S RIGHT, WILLIS. I PICKED UP YOUR PARTNER'S SQUEAL ON THE RADIO. I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THE HEROES AND THEIR LADY.

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

...WE'VE BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL HALF THE NIGHT, HOTSHOTS. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

ASIDE FROM THE CITY SEWERS.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE A PLACE CALLED MURDERWORLD?

WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED, CHUM, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING.



INTERPOL SAYS THE MAGGIA PUT OUT A **MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT** ON CAPTAIN BRITAIN HERE-- AMONG OTHERS-- BUT SOME **LONE WOLF** GOT TO THEIR **TOP HEIRARCHY** FIRST.

DID A **PUNISHER**-TYPE NUMBER ON "**THE COMMISSION**"-- SHOT 'EM TO PIECES. IT'LL BE **MONTHS** BEFORE THE **FAMILIES RECOVER**.



ANYWAY, SOON AS WE **HEARD** YOU WERE IN NEW YORK, CAP, WE WENT AFTER YOU-- TO **WARN** YOU. **BETTER LATE THAN NEVER**, I GUESS.

OKAY, SPIDEY-- **END OF THE LINE**.

HUH?!!



I OWE YOU, **WEB-SLINGER**, AND **JEAN DEWOLFF** IS A WOMAN WHO **PAYS** HER **DEBTS**.

TAKE OFF, PAL. I'LL MAKE YOUR **EXCUSES** TO **HEAD-QUARTERS**.

THANKS, LADY COP. SO LONG **COURTNEY, RED--** YOU TWO **TAKE CARE**.

TAKE GOOD CARE-- 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A **FEELING** WE **HAVEN'T** SEEN THE **LAST** OF **MURDERWORLD**. OR ITS **UNKNOWN CREATOR**.



SPEAKING OF WHICH...

ARCADE, THE **EXPLOSIONS** HAVE **DESTROYED EVERYTHING**.

MURDERWORLD IS... NO MORE.



I JUST GOT WORD BOTH **ROAK** AND **MORAN** ARE **DEAD**-- YOU WILL RECEIVE **NO PAYMENT** FROM THE **MAGGIA**. AS FAR AS **THEY'RE** CONCERNED, THEY **NEVER** EVEN **HEARD** OF YOU. OR **CAPTAIN BRITAIN**.

FORGET CAP'N BRITAIN. HE ISN'T **IMPORTANT**.

HE AN' **SPIDEY** BEAT YOU, **BOSS**. **FAIR AN' SQUARE**. **WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' T' DO NOW?**



DO, MISS LOCKE, MR. CHAMBERS?



WHY, I'M GONNA REBUILD, O' COURSE **BIGGER AN' BETTER** THAN BEFORE. AN' THEN, MY **FRIENDS**, WHEN WE'RE **READY--**

WE'RE GONNA INVITE THE ONE-AN'-ONLY SPIDER-MAN **BACK FOR A REMATCH**.

AN' **GUESS WHO'S GONNA WIN?**

NEXT ISSUE SPIDEY FINDS HIMSELF AT THE **MERCY** OF ONE OF HIS OLDEST, DEADLIEST FOES: **KRAVEN THE HUNTER**. AND FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A **FIGHT TO THE DEATH**... A **FIGHT HE DARE NOT WIN!!**

TIGRA, TIGRA, IN THE NIGHT...